WOMAN AND HER WAYS.

THE WIFE'S SHARE.

WE have a poor opinion of the man, we care not how poor or how well-to-do he is, that does not acknowledge that his wife has a share in the income of the farm. The man who acknowledges this in words and does not give by actually passing into the wife's hand some of the share does her a rank injustice. We are aware some men excuse themselves by saying that "it is all in the family, anyway," or "women are no managers." Both are very slim excuses. What man who has worked hard would like it when the few dollars come in that the toil produced should his wife take them and use them all in buying a sewing machine, an extra cloak, and half a dozen plated spoons, which are "all in the family" when the husband has set his mind upon having a "good new jackknife when those hogs are sold?" She has the right to do it, as much so as the man has to buy a feed-cutter, an extra rubber coat and a whip when the wife had her heart upon having a pair of kid gloves. That women are "poor managers" is proven false every day. Many a successful man owes his success to his wife's good management, and many more would be successful if they left more of their affairs to the judgment and management of the wife.

It is a burning shame the treatment some women get in the money matters of the copartnership made at marriage. We do not believe in marriages for a money consideration, but hold that many a woman would be happier had the promise to "love, cherish and keep" been carried a little further or made more specific so as to have obligated to a literal sharing of the money, be it little or much.

An extreme case was brought to our attention a few days ago. A farm was to be sold, and after the deed was made out the wife hesitated before signing it. When asked why, she replied: "Before signing that paper," and her voice grew steady and firm, "I want to know what my share's to be. I've worked as hard as father all these years on the farm, and I've pinched and managed and earned whatever's to be paid for it, as much as he, and I want a set sum that's all mine, and that I can hold in my own hands and have belong to me alone." The lawyer who made out the paper saw determination in the tone and manner, and acknowledged her right, and asked her how much she considered her share. "I thought of that, too," she replied. "It's been forty years, a good forty years, for we took the farm in the fall, and this is spring, and it seems to me" —her voice broke a little at this critical moment—"it seems to me," she replied, "as if I'd ought to have $20."

That is a true statement of a recent happening. Think of it, man. A woman so belittled by forty years' unrecompensed servitude that she called $20 a fair consideration for her services! Man! are you degrading your wife to such a position?—Farm, Field and Fireside.

Revenue Officer in Skirts.

Miss Lucy E. Ball has just been appointed chief of the spirits department by Collector Kelly of the Brooklyn internal revenue office. There is only one other woman in the United States holding a similar position. The new chief is a pretty girl with dark hair and blue eyes, and a face that is full of

MISS LUCY E. BALL.

intelligence. She lives with her parents at 1062 Dean street, Brooklyn. Four or five years ago she entered the service of the internal revenue department in Greensboro, N. C., the heart of the moonshining district. In 1894 Collector Healey appointed her as a deputy in the Brooklyn office. She was afterward in charge of the income tax department while that law was in operation. Lately she has been keeping accounts of brewers and cigar manufacturers. Her new duties will be in relation to the distilleries of the district.

The Lovable Woman.

Very lovely and lovable is the woman who has cultivated a disposition angelic enough to see the good and not the evil side of human nature, who can be severe with her own failings, and excuse the faults of others. We are told that she is a dull, uninteresting creature, and if we take the trouble to look into the matter we find that she does not laugh at her neighbor's pet weakness; she does not enjoy hitting out right and left at the world at large, and is always ready with a plea for unseen and unsuspected reasons, which, if they could be revealed, would go a long way toward modifying harsh judgment. Our lovable woman may not be witty, she may be a little prosy; but she it is to whom we go when in trouble for sympathy and confide with a feeling that our secret will not be torn to shreds as soon as our back is turned.

Curls and Crimps in Profusion.

If nature has been niggardly in the matter of curls, woman must hie her to the hairdresses this season to entreat him to make good the deficiency. For curls of all sorts and conditions are all to be popular. The only thing which is tabooed is the smoothly drawn Madonna-like coiffure which has been the solace of the indolent woman for a season or two. Pompadour combs help to give the roll its stability. They are fastened in the hair in such a way as to press the fluffy puff out toward the face instead of in from it. When the hair is worn a la pompadour, as far as

UP-TO-DATE HAIRDRESSING.

the facially decorative part is concerned, the back hair is generally gathered up on the top of the head. There it is coiled loosely and roundly instead of in the pertly erect and narrow fashion recently prevailing. In deference to the rage for curls the ends of the coils are oftentimes free. Simultaneously with the announcement from the hairdressers that the hair must be curled comes the declaration from hygienists that the curling iron must go. It is branded as the deadliest foe to softness and fineness of the locks. This would be a particularly discouraging conflict but for the fact that the makers of kid curlers have devised an almost picturesque method of curling the hair. The little, inoffensive kid curlers are all provided with narrow ribbons which tie in dainty little bows all over the head.

Louisiana Bachelors in Peril.

The palladium of the Louisiana bachelor's liberty has been ruthlessly swept away by a recent decision in the United States Circuit Court, and, if he has not taken to the woods, he is at least as circumspect in his dealings with the fair sex as a Quaker. The civil law in that State has always frowned on breach of promise suits, and refused to recognize them. A certain Mrs. Cheek, however, finding that her venerable suitor, Herman Pilger, would not fulfill his promise to marry her, brought suit against him in the Federal courts and recovered heavy damages against him. The decision may bring to light many hundred breach of promise suits which have lain dormant for years because the State law recognized no damages for a bruised heart.

Equality of Sexes.

The new woman should take her way to Burmah. There, travelers say, is the only place on earth where true equality between the sexes exists. In spite of this, it is claimed, no women are more womanly than the Burmese women, whose good sense enables them to perceive the line where they ought to stop. In the higher classes a woman has property of her own and manages it herself. In the lower classes she always has a trade, and runs her business on her own responsibility. The sexes choose their own occupations, and it is curious to see the men sometimes sewing and embroidering, while the women have nearly all the retail trade of the island on their hands.—Exchange.

Make It Yourself.

Lanoline cream, which is considered excellent as an emollient for the skin, may be made as follows: Obtain half a pint of lanoline and half a pint of pure oil of sweet almonds. Then putting a tablespoonful on a china plate, add an equal quantity of almond oil; mix thoroughly, and add from half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful of tincture of benzoin, until the paste drips from the knife—a steel caseknife is best for the mixing process—in about the consistency of thick cream. All three of these ingredients are absolutely harmless. It should be rubbed in at night.

American Girl Who Surprised Paris.

The fete recently given by the Countess Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, was one of the most elaborate ever seen in Paris. Three thousand invitations were issued, and the cost of the fete was not far from $100,000. The event was planned to reproduce the fifth day of the fetes celebrated at Versailles on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa of Austria.

Whist is as dissipated as whisky, and less fun.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

NOTES ABOUT SCHOOLS AND THEIR MANAGEMENT.

Importance of Guarding the Health of School Children—Whole Number of Pupils in the United States—Child Should Not Be Crowded with Work.

Health in the Public Schools.

The recent action of the San Francisco Board of Education in excluding children of consumptive tendencies from the public schools has naturally provoked much comment. That the board is justified in taking all possible precautions to protect the health of school children no one will question. That the dread disease, consumption, is remarkably prevalent among all classes of the population is also admitted; but that at present there is any more reason to fear consumptive contagion in the schools than there has been during past years is a matter that only detailed investigation may disclose. The health office records for the fiscal year 1894-'95 show that the percentage of deaths from consumption during that period of children of school age was about 1 in 1,000. Those figures are not alarming, but the school authorities act wisely in making judicious restrictions which may operate to check any increase in that percentage.

The common sense view of the matter is, says the Examiner, that children of apparent consumptive tendencies should not be confined in a school room. Health should ever take precedence over learning, and the sound body must go with the sound mind. Entirely for reasons of self-protection such children should secure the panacea of open-air life. The ill-ventilated, often overcrowded school room is not the place for a child to battle with the germs of inherited disease. And this suggests that the school directors may wisely look into other sanitary problems of fully as great concern. There should be absolutely no opportunity for the germ of typhoid to gain a lodgment. School rooms should not be overcrowded. Ventilation, that architectural problem which up to the past ten years received but little attention in the erection of school structures, should be looked into most carefully. Calisthenics and a general and systematic course in physical culture should be given more attention than at present. These suggestions are only in line with reforms in the best Eastern public schools, such as those of Boston and Cleveland. In the primary and secondary schools as well as in the college the pale-faced "dig" is no longer the fashion. The best body produces the best mind.

The Use of Got.

A writer some months ago in a Western school journal said: "So much has been said and written on the word got that many a pupil thinks it is a word to be shunned. Much of the teaching concerning this word is intemperate teaching, therefore untrue," with all of which I agree.

There is no doubt that got is a much-abused word, and that it is often incorrectly used, especially in the sense of have. How often we hear it used in this way! How much money have you got? I have got only a dollar. I haven't any change. Have you got a match about you? are familiar examples of a common but erroneous use of the word got in the sense of have or possess, and it is right that this use of the word should be criticised and condemned.

The true use of got is that in which the word signifies to get or acquire. It is therefore correct to say I have gotten or I have got my lesson. A pupil is told to get a book or a pencil; he may reply correctly I got it or I have gotten it. In a similar manner he may say I got a chair for the teacher, I got my lesson, or even I have got a chair for the teacher, and be strictly correct in his use of language, because in each case the word has the sense of secured or acquired.

I am not one of those who believe that because an incorrect form is used by a writer who is usually correct that it should therefore be sanctioned, and I therefore cannot indorse the expression credited to Emerson, "And presently because they have got the taste," etc. It is not good English even though it be Emersonian. When Thackeray says, "What have men of letters got in our time" he uses the word correctly, for here it signifies acquired.

Of course there are many uses of got which do not fall under either of the cases so far discussed. Thus, Dickens says: "The guard shot three dead, and then got shot dead by the other four." The meaning here is was. In the sentence, "He got appointed," we have the same meaning, if it indeed is not an abridgment of "He got himself appointed," as we would say, "He got himself a new suit of clothes."

This idiomatic use of got may not be incorrect, and indeed I have no serious objections to the use of got in the sense of obligation; as, "We have got to go;" "We have got to swim or we shall drown;" though I prefer the form, "We must swim or we shall drown."

The use of got to which all grammarians will, however, agree to make objection is that in which it is made to denote possession, as in the sentences before quoted. In teaching our pupils the correct use of this word like all others, let us see that they understand the reason for the doctrine they believe.—Ex-Teacher, in Educational News.

Don't Crowd.

Do not crowd the child with work. Take things slowly, and steer clear of any forcing process. Long lessons and an endless repetition of the same kind of work will be sure to crush the interest and sympathy of the young mind. The system of education that sacrifices the child for the glory of the school or the teacher is radically wrong in principle and a danger to society. To dignify such clumsy attempts in the schoolroom by the name of teaching is a burning shame. The whole business of sending children home at night to worry over lessons for the next day should be wiped out. Parents should not tolerate a practice that is grinding the system of the child into a bundle of nerves. Six hours in school, closely confined to work, and several hours more at home at night, fretting over tasks to receive the coveted merit mark from the teacher, may do for the McChoakum-childs of Dickens, that blow the boys and girls at every sweep clean out of the region of childhood, but it will not do in a rational system of teaching, where the heart and the mind of the child are permitted to grow in a natural way in the knowledge of truth and understanding. No one will make a mistake upon this point, if he remembers that the child is not made for the school, but the school for the child. To preserve and properly encourage the child's interest and the germ of sympathy in his moral nature will be worth infinitely more to the child than technical ability to solve intricate processes or, for that matter, than any kind of knowledge from books.—School Forum.

Importance of Seat Work.

Seat work must bear a direct relation to the occupation of the day for its own educational value, rather than to merely occupy time. The end is to get knowledge or skill, or to create a proper habit of doing work. Ingenious novelties or devices merely to kill time are inadmissible; as only the thing that in and for themselves need to be done have sufficient vitality to command the interest of the children.

All merely mechanical exercises should be reduced to the minimum, except where the desired result is merely mechanical dexterity. The teacher should provide suitable work and give directions in doing it; when necessary she should also inspire a child or give him a proper motive to act.

The importance of seat work cannot be overestimated, as what a child does actively with the instruction he has received has more to do with his real education and character than has even the very important period when he merely passively receives help from others.—Mary F. Hall, in the Milwaukee Course of Study.

Great Number of Pupils.

The report of the Commissioner of Education for the year 1892-'93 shows that the whole number of pupils enrolled in schools and colleges, public and private, in the United States was 15,083,639, or 22.5 per cent. of the entire population. This was an increase over the preceding year of 370,567. The enrollment of public in the public schools for the year numbered 12,510,719, an increase of 1.62 per cent. over the preceding year, while the average attendance increased 3.45 per cent. There were employed in the year 122,056 male and 260,954 female teachers. The number of schoolhouses was 236,427, valued with their contents and appurtenances at $398,435,039. The school revenue for that year was $165,000,000; the total expenditures $163,000,000. There were 154,989 persons attending educational institutions above the high school grade; 510,420 pupils were enrolled in high schools and schools of similar grade.

A Slight Defect.

The teacher was low-voiced and pleasant-mannered. The pupils were courteous and well-behaved, and the timbre of the school was at least 90 on the scale of 100. The class on the recitation seats were spelling by sound, and were doing a land office business at it.

Thus far all was satisfactory, but here was the fault. It was one of these slate-banging, desk-thumping schools. The slates and shoes made noise enough for a cooper shop or a blacksmith shop. Say, girls and boys, noise is not necessarily the sign of a busy workman. Some business shows the skill of the workman by the quietness with which he does his work—school business is of that kind. Only the apprentices in this branch of business make much noise with their tools. Don't spoil an otherwise good record by careless habits in the use of slates or swing of feet.—Moderator.

The Road to School.

In winter, when it freezes,
  In winter, when it snows,
The road to school seems long and drear
  O'er which the school girl goes.

But when the pleasant summer comes,
  With birds and fruit and flowers,
The road to school, how short it is!
  And short the sunny hours.

But to the girl who loves to learn,
  And wisdom strives to gain,
The road to school is always short,
  In sunshine, snow, or rain.

When Li Hung Chang reached Hong Kong on his way to Russia, not a sound was heard from the immense crowd of natives, who seemed to look on in awe mingled with intense curiosity at the celebrated statesman. There was no outward manifestation from the masses, but the strictest silence—which is the Chinese sign for great respect—was preserved, no one daring to speak loudly until Li's chair had passed to a considerable distance.

Cambridge University proposes to confer an honorary degree upon Simon Newcomb, professor of mathematics and astronomy of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md., and upon Francis Andrew March, professor of the English languages at Lafayette College.

Gen. Sir John Adye, in pleading that old soldiers should be employed in the postal service of Great Britain, says that about 15,000 men every year return from the army to civil life at an average age of 26.

BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BRAVE MEN WHO MET ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Thrilling Stories of the Rebellion—Old Soldiers and Sailors Relate Interesting Reminiscences of Life in Camp and on the Field—Incidents of the War.

In Memory of Gen. Philip Kearney.

Close his eyes his work is done!
  What to him is friend or foeman,
Rise of moon, or set of sun,
  Hand of man, or kiss of woman?
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low!

As man may, he fought his fight,
  Proved his truth by his endeavor;
Let him sleep in solemn night,
  Sleep forever and forever.
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low!

Fold him in his country's stars,
  Roll the drum and fire the volley!
What to him are all our wars,
  What but death bemocking folly?
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low!

Leave him to God's watching eye,
  Trust him to the Hand that made him.
Mortal love sweeps idly by;
  God alone has power to aid him.
    Lay him low, lay him low,
    In the clover or the snow!
    What cares he? he cannot know:
      Lay him low!
—George H. Boker.

"My Old Commission."

I met Captain Richard Carter, the ex-Mayor of Dodgeville, at the department encampment. He was recently appointed a member of Governor Upham's staff, with the rank of Colonel. It is not a matter of very great importance, but it makes me recall a pair of young fellows of the long ago. Maybe some of the results of the recall will afford two or three minutes of pleasure to the Times-Herald readers. I'll try them, anyhow.

In 1861, as soon as they could get into the service after Lincoln's first call for troops, a couple of boys, one in Racine, where the encampment met last month, and the other in Grant County, were soldier material in the Second Wisconsin Infantry, the late General Fairchild's regiment. The Racine boy was William H. Upham, now the Governor, and the Grant County boy was Richard Carter, now a prominent lawyer and general all-around good citizen of Dodgeville. I congratulate both. Upham left the army at the end of seven or eight months to go to West Point. Carter, Private Carter, stayed until the end of the war and was a captain when he came home. If he is like other colonels and generals on governors' staffs, he is pleased with his commission, but it means ever so little when compared with the yellowing paper given him in the war days that says he is a captain—that he won the commission by faithful service in actual war. Ask Colonel Carter to trade his old captain's commission—to obliterate all record of his war service—for any kind of a modern commission—that of Governor, minister to St. James, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, or even President— and see how quickly he will place the yellow commission over his thumping old heart and say: "Thank you; not if you were to make me ruler of the world—to give me the Bank of England—not if you were to pass to my keeping the treasures of all of the governments of the earth.''

I have not overstated.

From what I have said does the new generation get an idea of the satisfaction with which soldiers look back upon their service in the war that gave the world its greatest, most promising, best government? I hope so, for that is the object in writing of the old captain and the new Colonel.

Ask any volunteer who helped to make up the vast Union army what would induce him to have all knowledge of his soldiership removed from muster rolls and other records in Washington and at his State capitol, so that it might never be known that he had a part in the struggle under Commander-in-chief Abraham Lincoln, and see what he would do, what he would say.

Our brigade newsboy got hold of some Baltimore and Washington papers and brought them up to the line of battle the third day at Gettysburg. He was sitting on his horse counting out and selling papers as fast as he could take the change. When the great artillery duel that preceded Pickett's famous charge began he happened to be on Cemetery Ridge, near the archway in the cemetery. Solid shot and shell flew about him as thick as Green Bay flies in June. The little fellow threw away his papers, wheeled his horse and pretty nearly outflew the Confederate missiles. When asked why he departed that day so abruptly he said he had forgotten his revolver and went back to hunt for it and that on the way to the front General Meade had halted him and told him to stay in the rear, as his army could not afford to lose any more of its best men.

"I want you to look at this old Testament," said C. B. Aubery. "There is my name written by Lieutenant Leach, Company H, Second Vermont. He bought it in Washington in July, 1861, and presented it to me. What memories that Testament brings back! I remember the hour he gave it to me. How solemn I felt and how homesick, too! How I wanted to throw my arms about my mother's neck and have her talk to me—the dear mother I had run away from! Lieutenant Leach was a Christian—a real one. There were prayers in his tent every night and morning, and on Sunday there was a prayer meeting. I was a boy of 12, who had taken French leave to go to the war, and needed just such care as Lieutenant Leach extended to me. He gave me that Testament at the close of one of the prayer meetings, and, with a hand resting on my head, said: "My lad, read something in that book every day as long as you live and you will never get into serious trouble." I read it daily until I was made a prisoner—until I got into what I thought was mighty serious trouble—when it was impossible for me to read the Bible. Bible agents didn't come to see us at Libby Prison. I guess my too frequently vacant stomach demanded more attention than religious training and Bible reading in those prison days."

Prayers in the soldiers' tents were not infrequent. General Howard always had prayers. General Lee regularly prayed, and Stonewall Jackson several times a day. Probably there was not a company in the war that did not have its praying men. "Go with me to-night through the company street," said Private E. C. Jones, of whom I have spoken in these letters. "We will see what the boys are doing." It was about six months after the company had gone to the seat of war. We went up one side of the street and down the other. In three of the tents that night, just before taps, the voices of men in prayer were heard. In seven tents the language of seven-up, euchre and poker came to our ears. In the balance of the tents the soldier statesmen and army commanders were discussing the best way to settle the great family trouble into which the North and the South had allowed themselves to be drawn. Jones at that time was a man of piety. He was shocked at the few prayers and much worldiness of the company. Two years later Jones could lose his pay at poker a little quicker than any other man in Company E.—J. A. Watrous, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Grant and the Stableman.

While Gen. Grant was a student at West Point his parents moved to Bethel, Ohio, and when the young man was on a visit to them, in uniform, of course, the boys of the town made game of him. Long years afterward, in writing his autobiography, he remembered this unpleasant experience. "Opposite our house," he wrote, "stood the old stage tavern, where man and beast found accommodation. The stableman was rather dissipated, but a man of some humor. On my return I found him parading the streets and attending in the stable barefooted, but in a pair of sky-blue nankeen pantaloons—just the color of my uniform trousers—with a stripe of white cotton sheeting sewed down the outside seams in imitation of mine. The joke was a huge one, in the minds of many people, and was much enjoyed by them; but I did not appreciate it so highly."

To this occurrence there was an amusing sequel, not related by Gen. Grant, but gathered by Mr. Hamlin Garland on a recent visit to Bethel, and told by him to the Washington Post.

The name of the jocose stableman was Harrison Scott, and during the war, after Grant had captured Donelson and Vicksburg, and was recognized as a mighty commander of men, he was riding along the lines one night hearing abstractedly the roll call.

Suddenly the name "Harrison Scott" was called, and a voice answered "Here."

Grant pulled up his horse. The captain saluted. The General faced the company. His voice was heard by every man.

"Harrison Scott, step forward."

The man came forward briskly, but nervously.

The General's low voice seemed menacing, as he said: "Harrison Scott, of Bethel, Ohio?"

"Yes, sir."

"Report to me at headquarters tomorrow morning."

Harrison was too scared to reply or salute, and the General rode away.

"You're in for it, my boy," was the unfeeling comment of Harrison's comrades, and it certainly looked like it. "It's a case of court martial and a ball and chain. That little joke of yours which you've bragged about has got another end to it."

The hostler had strong thoughts of deserting, but concluded to face the music.

The next morning he walked nervously into the General's tent. Grant looked up.

"Sit down, Harrison. When did you leave Bethel? How are all the folks?" and he inquired minutely about all the people of Bethel and Georgetown, and together they laughed over the joke about the cadet uniform.

At the close the General said:

"I'm glad to see you, Harrison. When you write, remember me to the folks at Bethel."

Died Standing.

The incident of Ratisbon—a French officer, though mortally wounded, rides back to Napoleon, reports the capture of the city, and then falls from his saddle, dead—is paralleled by a story of Gettysburg told by General Doubleday and published in the Chicago Times-Herald:

An officer of the Sixth Wisconsin Regiment walked up to Colonel Dawes, who was in command—Colonel Bragg was in Washington on crutches. The officer was very erect and very pale. Dawes and Doubleday both thought he was coming with a report or to receive orders. But he was not. He had a favor to ask.

"Colonel," he said to Dawes, "will you tell the folks at home I died as a man and a soldier should?" Then he unbuttoned his coat. His whole side was shot away. It was his last effort. He died standing.

Careful scientific experiments prove that at the depth of one mile ocean waters have a pressure equal to one ton to the square inch.